THE

GENERAL.

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Speedily will be published,

The SECOND VOLUME of

A TRIP to the MOON.

THE GENERAL.

A POEM.

Reſpectfully inſcribed to the Right Honourable the

Marquis of GRANBY.

By the AUTHOR of

A TRIP to the MOON.

——*nequeo monſtrare, et ſentio tantum.* JUV.

'Tis what I feel, yet ſtrive in vain to ſhow.

LONDON:

Printed for W. NICOLL, and W. BRISTOW, in *St. Paul's Church-Yard*; and C. ETHERINGTON, in *York*.

MDCCLXIV.

August.

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——Nequeo mutare, ut fortis possim. Juv.

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THE GENERAL.

IMMORTAL Shade! of each immortal Name!
That ſhines recorded in the Liſts of *Fame*;
Not thoſe who from hereditary Light,
With the falſe Glare of borrow'd Beams are bright;
But ſuch as Merit with rich Blood combine,
Reflecting Honour on a Noble Line;
That like the *Phœnix*, with peculiar Grace,
Unſtain'd preſerve the Beauties of their Race.
If the frail Buſtle of this tranſient State
With immaterial Spirits can have Weight,
From thoſe *Ætherial* Manſions where you reſt,
Star-crown'd, in Pomp of virtuous Glory bleſt,

Propitious come—an honeſt Muſe inſpire—
Nerve her weak Wing—lend *your* heroic Fire—
With your undaunted Ardour lead her on,
And teach her, *Eagle-like*, to view the Sun:
None but the Bird of JOVE ſhould tempt a Flight,
That ruſhes on a Blaze of cloudleſs Light.

Firſt, JUSTICE come with thy impartial Scale,
Leſt *Prejudice* or *Int'reſt* ſhould prevail;
Take from *Reflection* ev'ry Power of Thought,
Ere that a ſingle Compliment be *bought*;
Shield *Reaſon*'s Eye with thy protecting Hand,
From the dread Influence of PACTOLIAN Sand;
Which, ſcatter'd by *Corruption* as ſhe flies,
Pretending Patriots choaks—or dims their Eyes;
Corruption, who, as MIDAS could of old,
With magic Touch turns any Thing to Gold,
Locks up the Senſes, or inverts their Power,
Melting the hardeſt Heart with DANAE's Show'r.
Nor yet let pois'nous Rage her Venom ſpit,
Satire run mad is the *Buffoon* of Wit;
From whoſe foul Mouth no Character's ſecure,
That lays the Baſtard Vice at any Door;

That

That prays or curſes, wheedles or knocks down,
Urg'd by that powerful Motive—*Half a Crown.*

Wither ſuch *Bays*—if any *Bays* can riſe
Beneath the Influence of ſuch churliſh Skies;
Where no mild Gleams of Summer cheer the Plain,
But Storms and everlaſting Winter reign;
Bays which, like *Nightſhade*, ſcatter Poiſon round,
Infect the circling Air—profane the Ground;
Call forth *Deſtruction* from her dark Abodes,
And with fell Venom ſwell ten thouſand Toads.

Honeſt may CHURCHILL be, for ought I know,
Some Lines depict him, and I wiſh him ſo:
Let him enjoy his Profit and his Praiſe,
In theſe ſo politic and gen'rous Days;
Let him ſucceſsfully purſue his Plan,
And prey upon the tend'reſt Part of Man;
Bluſhleſs, remorſeleſs, and without Control,
Plunder *th' immediate Jewel of the Soul:*
Let him, *Humanity* thrown quite aſide,
Indulge his Spleen, his Int'reſt, or his Pride;
Let him in *Scandal* wade thro' Thick and Thin,
To praiſe each *Out*—and cenſure ev'ry *In:*

Let

Let him, to pleaſe a Crowd of Knaves and Fools,
Paint MONARCHS, or their MINISTERS, as Tools:
Let him, ſtill more to proſtitute the MUSE,
A neighb'ring Nation by the *Lump* abuſe:
Let him, in boundleſs Rage, pronounce the Lot
Of blackeſt Infamy to ev'ry SCOT:
Let him, like Humankind's imperial * Foe,
Wiſh to behead them at a ſingle Blow:
Let him, if not content to rail at home,
O'er the ſubmiſſive World's wide Limits roam;
Fit to engage a ſingle Foe or Hoſt,
Ready to fight a NABOB or a *Ghoſt*:
From Clime to Clime Malevolence transfer,
Diſtinguiſh'd—*Nature's Executioner*.
All this, as gracious *Heav'n* in Mercy ſends
Plagues to perplex us for peculiar Ends,
With Patience will we bear—but let him pauſe—
Nor longer dare, in raging *Party*'s Cauſe,
(*Party*, of whom it may be juſtly ſaid,
Behold a Monſter! without Heart or Head,
By Madneſs, Av'rice, Pride, and Jealouſy,
Ingender'd on the Snake-lock'd Siſters three,
While Tyrant *Satire* waves her bloody Rod)
So oft to trifle with an awful GOD.

* *Caligula.*

That

That GOD whoſe Service to become a *Wit*,
The *Rev'rend* BARD moſt piouſly hath quit;
And why? Becauſe—Oh Reaſon moſt divine—
His narrow Income could not purchaſe *Wine*.
That GOD, who, were he cruel to this Earth,
As *Men* to *Men* for Profit are or Mirth,
With ſportive Thunder would confound the whole,
Nor ſpare e'en mighty CHURCHILL's *Patriot* Soul.

Think not, miſtaken Bard, I am thy Foe,
I neither know thee, nor can wiſh to know:
Reflected in thy Works thy Mind I view,
And grieve to find it of a Sable Hue:
Strong Beams of *Genius* gild the STYGIAN Gloom,
And *fancy* Webs there in her fineſt Loom;
Expreſſion well arrays her verbal Band,
And *Judgment* leads them with a Maſter Hand;
While JANUS-fronted Int'reſt ſlily waves
A flaming Banner to all Party Slaves;
Whoſe gaudy Hieroglyphics catch the Eye,
A poor fantaſtic Shade of *Liberty*.
This Patch-work Medley, blending Right and Wrong,
An impious, moral, ſoothing, ſneering Song,

That ſhows the tortur'd *Muſe* in various State,
Now bred at *Court*, now freſh from *Billingſgate*,
May cheat the Senſible, or charm the Rude,
May ſteal or thunder through the Multitude.

For my poor Part, by various Paſſions wrought,
I praiſe the Numbers while I damn the Thought;
I weep to ſee ſuch Flights of Golden Darts,
With deadly Poiſon tipp'd, to rankle Hearts;
And, while the lovely Snake-like Verſe I ſcan,
Praiſe crowns the *Bard*—while Cenſure marks the *Man*.

What has provok'd this unknown Scribe, you'll ſay,
This feeble, nameleſs Muſhroom of a Day;
This unfledg'd Rhimer to attempt a Flight,
When ſuch a *Falcon Muſe* appears in Sight?
What could induce the unimpaſſion'd Elf,
Who wiſhes me unfeeling as himſelf;
What Motives have arous'd the ſlumb'ring Drone,
Thus to aſſault me on *Satiric* Throne?
Me! Me! a Monoſyllable of Weight,
To give a thouſand grov'ling Reptiles Fate;
Can ſuch a lifeleſs and inſipid Thing
E'er hope to pierce me with his feeble Sting?

As well a Bee, that hunts the flow'ry Field,
Might ſtrive to wound thro' AJAX' ſeven-fold Shield:
Mankind muſt ridicule ſo dull an Ass,
Who breaks his Hoof againſt a *Front* of *Braſs*.

Some Water-drinking Sprite—for gen'rous *Wine*
Would make a native Blockhead brighter ſhine:
Wine which he ſneers at in his tart Reproof,
As turning *poor* Divinity aloof:
With my own Weapons dares my pond'rous Rage,
A DAVID to GOLIAH on the Stage.

Well haſt thou pictur'd my unequal Force,
But think *that* DAVID check'd the GIANT's Courſe;
I own thee Proof 'gainſt all Attacks of Shame,
Plung'd over Head and Ears in SHANNON's * Stream;
But haſt thou too with great ACHILLES try'd
The mighty Pow'r of STYX's awful Tide?
Is there no Spot wherein to make thee feel?
Yes, CONSCIENCE will convert thee all to Heel.

To pleaſe no *Patron*, nor to graſp at *Pelf*,
Slave to no *Party*—I oppoſe myſelf:

Free

* A River in *Ireland*, whoſe Water is ſaid to bleſs thoſe dipp'd in it with invincible Aſſurance.

Free by my Birth, ſtill freer by my Heart,
Of injur'd Humankind I take the Part;
Boldly I ſtand 'gainſt *Paſſion*'s dang'rous Sway,
And with cool *Wiſdom* take the Middle Way;
Yet not ſo cold, but, for my Country's Good,
In Danger's Onſet I could ſpill my Blood;
Give freely my poor All to aid her Cauſe,
To guard her KING, and, guarding him, her LAWS.

With Generoſity and Friendſhip fir'd,
Why may not bounteous TEMPLE be admir'd?
TEMPLE! whoſe Principles reflected ſhow
The Richneſs, Taſte, and Elegance of STOWE.
Tho' diff'ring Stateſmen may explode his Aim,
Why may not DEVONSHIRE true Glory claim?
Whoſe ſteady Temper, and whoſe honeſt Heart,
Are nobly form'd to act a *Patriot* Part.
May we not ſafely honour and commend
In *ROCKINGHAM a BRUNSWICK's faithful Friend?
WENTWORTH! whoſe Virtues act without Controul,
Not more a Lord in Title than in Soul:
WENTWORTH! whoſe Noble Deeds his Mind approve;
WENTWORTH! whom Men and *Liberty* muſt Love.

*Marquis of Rockingham.

Of

Of ſilver-hair'd NEWCASTLE kindly ſing,
A well-deſigning Servant of his KING,
Tho' now, perhaps, o'erpow'r'd with num'rous Years,
Unfit to bear a Nation's cumb'rous Cares.

Hating, like SWIFT, a BISHOP for his Place,
Can we no Beauties in a DRUMMOND trace? *Archbishop of York.*
Shall modeſt *Truth* reſtrain her honeſt Tongue,
And leave him in the undiſtinguiſh'd Throng?
A *Prelate* by his *Virtues* dignify'd,
Juſt without Rigour, awful without Pride;
Pious without enthuſiaſtic Flame,
All that ſheds Luſtre on a ſacred Name,
Shines Rev'rend YORK—compleat in ev'ry Senſe,
Religion's Pride, and Boaſt of *Eloquence.*

Why ſhould we fear to ſpeak a SAVILE's * Praiſe,
Whoſe Merits would adorn the richeſt Lays?
SAVILE! whom Wiſdom views with doating Eye,
Patron of calm and decent *Liberty:*
SAVILE! to *Public Good* alone inclin'd,
The Friend of *Britain*, and of Humankind.

Would it ſeem Treaſon, or a Lack of Wit,
To hail an able Miniſter in PITT?

* Sir GEORGE.

To ſay his Counſels gave a Nation Weight,
The Thunderbolt of *Eloquence* and State?
Reaſon cries no, *Intention* is the Baſe
On which the Pile of *Praiſe* or *Shame* we place.
Should we reverſe the Medal, and portray
Thoſe who prevail in Miniſterial Sway,
Fit to ſupply with Grace their arduous Parts,
Poſſeſs'd of ſhining Talents, upright Hearts,
Would REASON and BRITANNIA cry out Shame,
Branding our Numbers with a venal Name?
Let us hope not—the Number is but ſmall
That Councils guide, and cannot take in all:
This we may ſay beyond the Reach of Doubt,
Some *Honeſt* and ſome *Able* muſt be *out*;
Thence can we not infer, devoid of Sin,
None *Honeſt* or none *Able* that are *in*.

As does *Religion*, Politics afford
More than one Way to ſerve the *Sov'reign Lord*;
Poor is that Soul, in its own Notions bleſt,
That, chuſing one ſtrait Path, damns all the reſt;
As by unerring Wiſdom we are taught
That the moſt Perfect are not without Fault:
A noble *Emulation* may divide,
And *Honeſty* be found on ev'ry Side.

Shame

Shame to *black Scandal*, *or foul-fac'd Reproach*,
Caſt at a Man on Foot, or in a Coach;
The ſpatt'ring *Bard*, whatever his Pretence,
Is but a filthy Scavenger of Senſe:
Great Minds with Pleaſure Emulation feel,
But meagre *Envy* trips at Virtue's Heel.

Let us correct, but not with Whips of Steel,
Feathers more winningly inſtruct to feel;
One Tickling leads to each defective Part,
The other, ſluicing Blood, benumbs the Heart.

Oh may the *Muſe*, debauch'd, ne'er prove ſo looſe
To ſtain herſelf with *general Abuſe*;
Impartial, may ſhe be in *Honour* bold,
Nor praiſe, nor cenſure, at the Chink of *Gold*.

Here, for myſelf, I boldly muſt declare
Againſt Ill-nature everlaſting War:
Whether in *Buſy Bodies'* whiſp'ring Tales
The carping, mean, illiberal Fiend prevails;
Whether in Friendſhip's fair Pretences dreſs'd,
She deeply wounds the unſuſpecting Breaſt,

Locks

Locks up from Poverty a fruitleſs Store
Of Triumphs in a ruthleſs Creditor;
Whether, a venal Weathercock of Time,
She ſpits her Venom or in *Proſe* or *Rhime*,
From me the Serpent never ſhall eſcape,
Tho', PROTEUS-like, ſhe hourly change her Shape.
If to *immortal* FAME ſhe points the Way,
And ſhe alone may mine with Speed decay,
May it go with me to the peaceful Grave,
My Tomb declaring to each Fool and Knave,
That Views of Profit, Pomp, or Praiſe of Men,
Could never warp my Heart, nor gall my Pen.

Yet wherefore ſhould I fondly ſpeak of FAME,
Can Lays ſo humble hope a laſting Name?
To Paſtry-Cooks and Trunk-Makers a Prey,
My Works will feel precipitate Decay;
While mighty CHURCHILL's ſtand erect on high,
FAME's dreadful Gibbet to Futurity.

Is there no honeſt Path to lengthen Life?
Muſt a ſequeſter'd *Muſe* engage in Strife?
Muſt ſhe caſt off the Coyneſs of a Maid,
Or faſter than a Nine-days Wonder fade?

Methinks

Methinks I hear the Voice of FAME reply,
Hold, I've a darling Object in my Eye;
Let wing'd *Imagination* deck her Plumes,
And *Virtue* sacrifice her best Perfumes,
Let *Honour*, *Conquest*, *Freedom*, all combine
To nerve each Thought, and animate each Line;
A noble Theme shall dignify thy Lays,
And the World gladly hang on GRANBY's Praise.
Thus, Wren-like, couch'd beneath the *Eagle*'s Wing,
Tower thou may'st aloft, and safely sing;
While far more tuneful Songsters in their Flight,
Wanting such Aid, shall sink in endless Night.

Proud of the Task, unequal to its Weight,
With glad Submission I attend my Fate.

Dread *War!* enthron'd upon thy sanguine Shrine,
No Touch of soft Humanity is thine:
On a rude Rock, amidst a dreary Waste,
Is thy unhospitable *Temple* plac'd;
Sprung from the impious Bones of murd'rous CAIN,
Gorg'd with the Carcasses of Millions slain,
Thy *Temple*, Desolation's Magazine,
An awful! savage! and terrific Scene!

Behold *Ambition* ſtretching blood-ſtain'd Hands,
Impatient at the rav'ning Portal ſtands;
In vain the *Widow*'s Cries, the *Orphan*'s Tears,
Or *Nature*'s Groans, aſſault thy callous Ears.
Deaf as the Raging of a boundleſs Wind,
That only proſtrate Ruin leaves behind;
Parent of Horrors! which ſtill mark thy Way,
Hateful and ſick'ning to the Eye of Day:
Fit only, like fell Monſters of the Wood,
To haunt in Deſerts, and there prowl for Blood:
Lion of *Kings!* let looſe at their Command,
To ſtalk tremendous o'er each ravag'd Land.

Death, grimly frowning in nocturnal State,
Lowrs on thy Brow, Prime Miniſter of Fate:
Whether thou bidſt him ruſh in liquid Streams,
(Dire Emblems of the Light'ning's ſulph'rous Gleams)
Or wing'ſt him in the Steel's Eye-piercing Flaſh,
When truſty Blades in hardy Combat claſh;
Whether he points the bearded Jav'lin's Blow,
Or iſſues from the Poiſon-teeming Bow;
Whether, in artificial Earthquakes borne,
While Rocks lament their flinty Entrails torn,
He burſts embattled Multitudes on high,

Piercing, with horrid Roar, the trembling Sky:
Whether, thro' mean Blockade and Famine's Sting,
The Brave are conquer'd by this *fleſhleſs King*,
Th' inſatiate Monſter ſtill obeys thy Call,
And, ſweeping off Diſtinction, levels all:
Teaching this Leſſon to o'er-ſwelling Pride,
That Duſt and Humankind are near ally'd.

What! ſays the Miſer, gloting on his Pelf,
The ſhining Idol! more than ſecond Self,
Won't all my Store, my countleſs Thouſands, ſave
From the cold Comforts of the icy Grave?
Shall pennyleſs Companions ſhare the Ground
Where I am laid, with equal Honour crown'd?

How! cries the Hypocrite, with Saint-like Show,
Can't my Devotion check this mortal Foe?
Can't all the Splendor of my ſparkling Eyes
Diſarm his Cruelty, the *Belle* replies?

The Skeleton retorts, with hollow Tone,
Gold, Pow'r, and Beauty bend before my Throne:
One only Method can ſubdue my State,
Be truly good, and I'm no longer great.

Second in Pow'r *Captivity* appears,
Circled with galling Chains and chilling Fears;
More dreadful and more tort'rous to the Brave,
Than all the ſolemn Terrors of the Grave.
Sable Affliction's moſt affecting Goad!
Painful Exiſtence, Miſery's Abode!
Bane to each ſocial Feeling of the Heart,
PROMETHEAN VULTURE to each vital Part!
Whether we view thee in the ſunleſs Caves,
Where fell *Inquiſitors* immure their Slaves;
Wolves of *Religion*, crown'd with helliſh Flames,
Whom bleeding Pity, fill'd with Horror, names:
Whether we find thee at the lab'ring Oar,
(Sad Monuments of arbitrary Pow'r)
Or trace thee to SIBERIA's dreary Plains,
Where painful Solitude with Exile reigns;
Exhauſtleſs Fountain of corroding Care,
Thee next in Pow'r we find to *Death* and *War*.

Friends to the dreadful, the united Three,
Foes to calm Peace and ſmiling *Liberty*,
Behold aſpiring GAULS, in dark Debate,
Framing DÆDALIAN *Labyrinths* of State:

Fabrics

Fabrics moſt fair, and grateful to the View,
Enter not, Honeſty, without a Clue.

There vainly Oaths and Treaties plead their Cauſe,
The Faith of Nations, and their mutual Laws:
Gewgaws of Conſcience, Rattles of the Brain,
Mere Speculation, delicate and vain.
Far other Motives GALLIC *Boſoms* move,
Than the Ætherial Sparks of Patriot Love;
A lawleſs Thirſt of Univerſal Pow'r,
Still makes them wiſh, and ready to devour;
Nor heed the Means, how bloody or how dark,
So Laurels ſpring to deck their *Grand Monarque.*

Their Principles and Manners brought to View,
Behold a ſkipping, fawning, faithleſs Crew;
A *Maſquerade*, where Characters are ſhown
In ev'ry outſide Likeneſs but their own:
A Tribe of Mimes, with Feathers trimm'd, and Lace,
Made up of Dancing, Chatter, and Grimace;
As *Parrots* talkative, as Peacocks vain,
Deceit and *Folly*'s motley-colour'd Train:
Such ſhines the ſad Majority of FRANCE,
Where *Virtue*'s all compriz'd in—*Complaiſance.*

Can it be ſtrange that ſuch a Contraſt ſhould
Still thirſt for BRITISH Wealth and BRITISH Blood?
That, Slaves themſelves, they, with malignant Eye,
Behold and languiſh for our *Liberty?*
That, like th' arch Fiend, to work their ſubtle Ends,
They wiſh to ſtab us in the Shape of Friends;
Since well they know, when open Force prevails,
Their Levity muſt kick up in the Scales.

Reaſon might well expect all this, and more,
As the ſure Product of their Serpent Shore:
But for th' *Imperial Eagle*, brave and rude,
To ſtain her Glory with Ingratitude,
To aim Annoyance at the friendly KING,
Who had ſo lately plum'd her drooping Wing,
Staggers Credulity, bids Honour haſte,
And hide his Bluſhes in ſome dreary Waſte;
Since, in the Face of wond'ring Heav'n and Men,
THERESA GEORGE forgot, and DETTINGEN.

When lawleſs Depredations ſpread Alarms,
Which BRITAIN forc'd unwillingly to Arms:
When Forts were rais'd in unſuſpecting Climes,
And harmleſs Villagers, in peaceful Times,

Like

Like Sheep were ſcatter'd o'er a barren Plain,
Or by the Tribe of ſcalping Butchers ſlain:
While Wives (dead Huſbands welt'ring in their View)
Firſt ſerv'd the Luſt of the rapacious Crew;
Then gladly ſacrific'd their final Breath,
So to eſcape *ſuch* Miniſters of Death;
Who, practis'd in the ſavage, ſlaught'ring Trade,
In Cruelties refin'd their Art diſplay'd.
When leagu'd with *Savages*, more virtuous far
Than thoſe who plung'd them in the Gulph of War,
FRANCE rang'd in Blood whole *Provinces* along,
Horrid to tell—as mercileſs as ſtrong;
Taught Ruin thro' our *Colonies* to roam,
She treated us with Blandiſhments at home;
So Steel-ribb'd Dames, * with moſt alluring Grace,
Smile Men to Death, and kill with an Embrace.
While her back Settlements defenceleſs lay,
To uncheck'd Conquerors an eaſy Prey,
AMERICA, neglected, wept in Blood,
None the *Moſt Chriſtian* Maſſacre withſtood.

Strange

* This Diſtich alludes to the Mode of Puniſhment in ſome Countries, where an Iron Machine is dreſs'd up in the Form of a beautiful Woman with ſtretch'd out Arms, within whoſe Reach the Criminal being placed, he is immediately cruſh'd to Death.

Strange to be told, yet not more ſtrange than right,
Maternal ENGLAND, tho' ſhe mourn'd the Sight,
Lay totally unnerv'd, and ſlumber'd on,
Till Danger proudly dar'd her native Throne:
Till fluſh'd *Monſieurs* with Thouſands lin'd each Coaſt,
Invaſion, with reſiſtleſs Pow'r, their Boaſt;
And, may it not be told an After-Age,
May ſuch a Blot ne'er ſtain hiſtoric Page,
So much alarm'd the Guardians of our State,
That *Foreign* Aid was call'd to baffle Fate.
Oh dark Remembrance! future Glory's Foil—
Brighter to ſhow our Ocean-bounded *Iſle*.
The Sons of HESSE and HANOVER, tho' brave,
Could never BRITAIN's tott'ring *Freedom* ſave;
On our own *Heroes* muſt our State rely,
Who live to guard it, or to fail and die.

Some Armaments indeed, of gallant Show,
Were order'd forth, to ſtop th' aſpiring Foe;
Some *North*, ſome *South*, ſome *Eaſt*, ſome *Weſt* were ſail'd,
To what Effect?—each Expedition fail'd:
Ill plann'd, or ſpiritleſs, each warlike Scheme
Melted like Vapour, vaniſh'd like a Dream;

Which racks, to no Effect, the tortur'd Mind,
And, like the Mountain lab'ring, leaves a Mouſe behind.

At length the *Lion*, roaring from his Den,
Breath'd his rough Roar, ſo horrible to Men;
Rais'd his huge Mane, emblaz'd his glaring Eye,
Wav'd his fell Tail, and foam'd for Liberty:
With Fangs and Claws in terrible Array,
O'er trembling Nations took his lordly Way,
To ſcourge, with Sov'reign Rage, each Subject Beaſt of Prey.

To ſhow at large, and regularly trace,
The Flight of Fire-ey'd War from Place to Place,
Light by the Beams of his all-flaming Robe,
To traverſe the four Quarters of the Globe;
To paint each Action, or to praiſe the Brave,
That conqu'ring fought on ev'ry Plain or Wave;
Thro' each Campaign ſucceſſively to run,
Would want the Force and Fire of ADDISON:
Let me, content with more contracted View,
A *ſingle* COMET's lucid Path purſue;
To ſhow each Article in Order ſet,
Would make this Piece a verſify'd *Gazette:*

Rough GERMAN Names would jar in ev'ry Line,
Wound each nice Ear, and clog my whole Deſign;
I aim not therefore at minuter Rays,
But ſtrive to give the whole collected Blaze;
Whence my dull clay-form'd Image to inſpire,
PROMETHEUS-like, I'll ſteal celeſtial Fire.

Come MINDEN! made immortal by the Day,
When pride-ſwell'd GALLIA's num'rous Hoſt gave Way:
Thou glorious blood-ſtain'd Theatre of FAME,
Which future Ages ſhall with Tranſport name,
With thee the Æra of our Glory fix,
And wond'ring hail the conqu'ring Number SIX:
Battalions SIX! which, firm as ATLAS, ſtood
Againſt the thund'ring Rage of War's tremendous Flood,
Which durſt the fierceſt Shock of Fate abide,
Breaſt cumb'rous Waves, repel the rapid Tide,
And ſmile to ſee its Foam burſt vain on ev'ry Side.

Eager to make the glorious Work complete,
Burning to catch the fav'ring Smiles of Fate,
Leading our Squadrons with impatient Fire,
With all the Spirit *Glory* could inſpire,

With

With all the Zeal which *Patriot* Boſoms know,
Who ſee, and wiſh to ruſh upon the Foe,
Brave GRANBY charg'd—deſpiſing *languid* Rules,
War's Pedantry—that genuine Ardor cools:
By ſlow Preciſion into Practice brought,
That knows not when Occaſion ſhould be caught.

Trembling leſt Merit ſhould aſſume her Place,
And leave her ling'ring in the martial Chace,
Fortune, with Darts of pois'nous *Envy* ſtung,
Labour'd to blaſt his Laurels as they ſprung;
Try'd what ſhe could to ſtop his conqu'ring Way,
And dim the Luſtre of that glorious Day;
In Frenzy's Rage thus *Victory* upbraids,
Hence, *Britiſh* Slave, while I protect CONTADES;
Your haughty Maſters mock my courted Pow'r,
To Louis I devote me from this Hour.
In Part ſhe triumph'd, but each future Field,
Taught the reluctant Sorcereſs to yield.

So in tranſlucent Regions of the Sky,
When ſpotleſs Beams would ſtrike the raviſh'd Eye,
A momentary Cloud may intervene,
And fleeting Vapour dull the lucid Scene;

Which

Which, cleaving to the Boſom of the Gale,
Leaves pure unſully'd Æther to prevail,
Celeſtial Gems again attract the Sight,
And ſparkling ſhine with double Luſtre bright.

Wide is our Field for *Fancy*'s vig'rous Wing,
Freſh Images in rich Abundance ſpring;
Deſcription, teeming with the crouded View,
Pants in the Chace, and labours to purſue;
While pining *Flatt'ry*, fill'd with envious Spleen,
And wond'ring Grief beholds the copious Scene,
Where matchleſs Tints in genuine Beauty blend,
That juſtly ſcorn ſo varniſhing a Friend:
A Proſpect ſhe, reluctantly, muſt own
By *ſimple Truth* to moſt Advantage ſhown.

What are *Elogiums* on the *Good* and *Wiſe*?
Faint Tapers lab'ring to illume the Skies:
Revers'd, what are they to the *vicious Great*?
Lights to diſplay the Rottenneſs of State.

We need not ſtraining Panegyric uſe,
A licens'd Freedom of the *Magic* Muse,

To

To conjure ALEXANDER from his Grave,
And mortify his Pride with one *more* brave:
We need not bid the mighty JULIUS come,
To ſee a Race of *freſher Laurels* bloom:
We need not, fawning, give *our Theme* to Sight,
More ſtain'd with Blood than SCANDERBEG in Fight;
Whoſe ſingle Arm, in one *romantic* Day,
So Story ſays, two thouſand ſwept away.

Is it impoſſible to grace Command
Without a *light'ning* Eye or *thund'ring* Hand?
True Merit needs no *Foppington* Diſplay,
In *Peacock* Plumes of vain *Hyperbole*;
But, like the Gems which light INDOSTAN's Mines,
With native Worth and matchleſs Radiance ſhines.

To warm the Paſſions, and to wound the Heart,
Why ſhould we play the Scenery of Art?
Bring to aſtoniſh'd Optics from afar,
The glitt'ring, dreadful Pageantry of *War*?
Why wound the harrow'd Ear with harſh Alarms,
Hoarſe Drums, ſhrill Trumpets, and the Clink of Arms?
Why wake each tender Feeling of the Mind,
To weep the ſelf-wrought Woes of Humankind;

To ſwell the ſullen Streams of widow'd Eyes,
To echo childleſs Parents' burſting Sighs?
Why ſhow the dread Effects of rav'nous Pow'r?
Why flame the City, or ſubvert the Tow'r?
Why ſhould we give a melting Reader Pain,
With Streams of Blood and Mountains of the Slain?
Why picture, what the *Brave* muſt weep to ſee,
Thoſe dauntleſs Agents of *Neceſſity*?
Who, while each Breaſt with patriot Ardor glows,
For *Juſtice* fight—yet weep o'er dying Foes.

Glory!—bright Spark of an *Ætherial* Flame,
Humanity and thou art ſtill the ſame:
Megrim'd *Ambition* vainly ſtrives to ape
The Beauties of thy ſoul-enchanting Shape;
Yet, like the painted Proſtitute, can gain
Some mad Admirers to adorn her Train;
Like her too, with the Lures of gay Deceit,
The *Cormorants* of *Policy* can cheat,
Lead to Deſtruction's Brink—then headlong throw
The tow'ring Fools to dreadful Depths below.

Not ſo *thou* treat'ſt thy votive gallant Swains,
Who court, with rough Embrace, in martial Plains;

Who

Who on the Wings of Emulation tow'r,
Free from the paltry Views of *Gain* or *Pow'r*;
Who only ſhed their own or foreign Blood,
To work, by noble Means, ſome *gen'ral Good*;
Who bravely ſtand againſt oppreſſive Ill,
And but from Principles of *ſaving—kill*.

Faithful as chaſte PENELOPE to theſe,
Undaunted by the War of Land or Seas,
Thy radiant Beams adorn each Hero's Head,
A GRANBY living, and a WOLFE when dead.

A WOLFE!—methinks I ſee the pearly Tear
Stand ſwelling, trembling on its chryſtal Sphere;
Not ſo it guſh'd, but in a rapid Tide,
That Day when *our* EPAMINONDAS died;
Like Flow'rs o'ercharg'd with Dew, you feebly bow,
And a deep Sigh remembers gallant HOWE. *Howe ſlain in America.*

More ſweet than ARABY's Perfumes muſt riſe,
To ſmiling Heav'n ſuch lovely Sacrifice;
The laurell'd Shades receive it in its Flight,
While circling Cherubs ſhare their fond Delight.

But

But wherefore droop? return to BRITAIN's Isle,
And teach thy momentary Grief to smile;
Amidst surviving Sons, securely rest
In SAUNDERS, MONCKTON, HAWKE, and GRANBY blest.

Nor these alone—but should we speak of *All*
Who bravely follow'd at thy arduous Call;
Should we at Length recite each sev'ral Name,
We must *monopolize* the *List* of FAME:
A List from whence, expos'd to GALLIC Eyes,
Dismay in trembling, lifeless Form must rise,
Chill their proud Monarch on his tott'ring Throne,
And, like MEDUSA's Head, convert to Stone.

Oft have we heard of Heroes in the Field,
Whose Courage forc'd the conquer'd Foe to yield;
Gen'rals and *Men* adorn'd in ev'ry Sense,
Save with the virtuous Beam *Benevolence*:
That Beam divine! without whose cheering Ray
The darken'd Soul admits no Gleam of Day.

Where is the Merit, with rapacious Hand,
To conquer, but to desolate a Land?

To

To feed his Appetite without Controul,
Behold the Beaſt of Prey rapacious proul;
Still *Inſtinct* juſtifies his hoſtile Life,
Inſtinct with *Reaſon* here at mortal Strife.

Shall MAN, tho' juſtly rous'd to *Self-Defence*,
(A rational, yet oft a falſe Pretence)
Without a Spark of Mercy in his Heart,
Ruthleſs perform a more than Savage Part?
Become to Humankind a laſting Curſe,
To feed his Avarice and cram his Purſe?
Not mov'd by Thirſt of *Glory*, but of *Gain*,
Such Martial *Uſurers* their Rank profane;
Yet ſuch have been, and ſome—Oh Pain to ſpeak—
Who more, if poſſible, through Honour break—
Who farther yet the ſhining Pelf purſue,
And rob the honeſt Soldiers of their Due.

Down, Indignation—keep thy Place below,
Nor let the Tide of juſt Reſentment flow;
Leave with one Wiſh ſuch Reptiles to their Fate,
Deſpis'd by *Honeſty*, however great,
That of the ſordid Crew it may be told,
Like CRASSUS, they, when dead, were gorg'd with Gold.

From this offenſive Proſpect let us fly,
And haſte to one that may delight the Eye;
Behold a Portrait of uncommon Charms,
To animate and grace the BRITISH Arms;
Behold him giving Spirit full Career,
Alike untouch'd by Cruelty or Fear;
Behold his Breaſt with virtuous Ardor glow,
Behold him conquer and regret the Foe;
Behold him, from the ſanguine Field retir'd,
With GLORY in a milder Shape inſpir'd;
No proud luxurious Baſhaw in Command,
Behold him cheriſh with a ſoft'ring Hand;
Behold his honeſt Heart and lib'ral Purſe expand.
Behold him hoſpitable Aid afford,
By timely Largeſs and obliging Word;
Behold him, with a Parent's tender Eye,
View, and each practicable Want ſupply;
Behold him, Idol of each grateful Heart,
Unite the *Gen'ral*'s and Protector's Part!
While Armies know not whether to commend,
And love the Chief, the Father, or the Friend.
Nor ſtops his Bounty here—behold around,
Thro' all Degrees its kind Effects are found;

Tow'ring

Tow'ring above imperfect Fleſh and Blood,
It lights on all—an *univerſal Good.*
So ſev'n-mouth'd NILUS, Source of Plenty, reigns
A well-tim'd Providence to thirſty Plains,
So ſwell his fertile Streams o'er Mother Earth,
So give they Plenty, Peace, and Gladneſs Birth.

This Portrait, tho' imperfect, it were Shame,
Like an ill Painter, to expoſe and name;
Yet ſhould there one ſo ignorant appear,
So much ſequeſter'd from the ſhining Sphere,
As not to know the Likeneſs we advance,
Of ALBION's Glory, and the Dread of FRANCE,
To him in Words the HERO we unfold,
Such GRANBY is, and POMPEY was of old.

Thrice happy BRITAIN! Empreſs of the Main,
May Ages bleſs thee with a BRUNSWIC's Reign;
A BRUNSWIC worthy his illuſtrious Race,
Of virtuous Royalty the Pride and Grace;
KING of his People's Hearts!—to Vice a Rod,
The undiſſembling Servant of his GOD;
Not more with *Fame* and *public Virtue* fir'd,
Than with domeſtic Harmony inſpir'd.

Mark!

Mark! Grandeur, mark! and imitate the Plan,
That dignifies the *Monarch* by the *Man.*

A BRUNSWIC form'd, as *Envy*'s Self muſt own,
To fix and dignify his native Throne;
A BRUNSWIC on whoſe Glory-beaming Brows,
The Crown imperial double Radiance ſhows:
Not ſuch deſtructive Beams as Flames inſpire,
And wildly ſet the groaning World on Fire;
But ſuch mild Influence as, in temp'rate Skies,
The Sun celeſtial ſheds on human Eyes:
A BRUNSWIC ſteady in his Country's Cauſe,
Firm Baſis of our *Liberty* and *Laws.*

Well for the World doth Providence provide
Such Inſtruments to check Ambition's Pride,
As wait the Signal of his Royal Hand,
Ready to guard, or to revenge his Land;
And wiſely Pow'r is lodg'd in ſuch a Heart
As cannot even *think* a Tyrant's Part;
A Heart that owns no Merit in Succeſs,
But as it gives extended Pow'r to bleſs;
That all the Pomp of *Victory* diſdains,
Unleſs when breaking proud Ambition's Chains:

Then

Then *Royalty* indeed may juſtly tow'r
Stemming the Tide of Arbitrary Pow'r.

Thus mighty GEORGE ſupports indulgent Sway,
While BRITONS gratefully with Pride obey.

Hear! Nations hear! nor envy while we ſing,
Heav'n's choiceſt Bleſſings in a PATRIOT KING!

To all who hold BRITANNIA worth their Care,
(May thoſe who do not ne'er her *Freedom* ſhare)
This fervent Pray'r I faithfully propoſe,
May all the Comforts human Nature knows,
May all the Smiles of moſt indulgent Fate
Smooth to our KING th' Anxieties of State;
In the ſtill Calm of a contented Soul
May ſilv'ring Years in long Succeſſion roll;
And when—but why anticipate what *Time*
Muſt bring to paſs in each Degree and Clime?
May all his Actions *Love* and *Honour* win,
Without all *Glory*, and all *Peace* within.

Religion's *Miniſters*, may they be all
Attendant only upon Virtue's Call;

By Doctrine and Example mend their Flocks,
Nor trade for Livings as the *Jews* for Stocks:
May moral Merit make ſucceſsful Way,
And with *internal* gain *external* Pay;
That, from an eaſy and ſufficient Store,
Bleſs'd in themſelves, they may aſſiſt the Poor;
Untouch'd with furious Zeal—(a hateful Name,
That takes *Religion*'s Shape, and proves her Shame;
Breaks rudely thro' all hoſpitable Bounds,
And Chriſtian Harmony at once confounds)
With Charity unbounded may they reach
The ſaving Hand to All; and *Mercy* preach:
Correct with Tenderneſs, inſtruct with Smiles,
While Reformation crowns their pious Toils;
Each *Paſtor* in his own contented Sphere,
To *Virtue*, as a *mitred* DRUMMOND, dear.

May *Senators*, unſtain'd with *Int'reſt*, feel
Their Country's Wounds, and prove the Means to heal;
Diſcharge their ſev'ral Truſts with *Honour* fit,
As bold, as quick, as uncorrupt as PITT.

Where tortur'd Law exalts her wrangling Voice,
May godlike *Juſtice* be the gen'ral Choice;

Smile

Smile where she can, yet wear becoming Frowns,
Nor bend her Pow'r to supplicating Crowns:
May *Right*, at least, associate with the Fee,
And free-born *Juriat* stand for *Liberty*;
May *Eloquence* and *Equity* unite,
As now in PRATT, to shield us and delight.

To guard imperfect Nature from Decay,
May all thy Sons, HIPPOCRATES, display
Knowledge Medicinal—and only give
The Means to make declining Patients live:
Not drain the Purse with multiplying Ills,
With fruitless Boluses and needless Pills;
But try, with learned Honesty, to save,
And cheat, like DEALTRY, the expecting Grave.

May *Commerce* ever sail thro' fav'ring Skies,
Free from th' Incumbrance of *Monopolies*;
Ne'er may her Sons, insatiate after Gold,
War's Crimson Banner hastily unfold;
Yet if again (as, Oh, too sure, I fear,
While faithless and insidious Foes are near)
Her hostile Blast should hurricane our *Isle*,
And all our present golden Hopes beguile;

If

If fire-breath'd *Até* should ſucceſsful prove,
And hungry *Vultures* chace the peaceful *Dove*,
May Reſolution BRITISH Councils wait,
May Probity and Wiſdom guide the State
Where *Miniſters* preſide—nor factious Spleen,
Incumb'ring clog the complicate Machine.

Yet wiſh we not, with HERMES' ſlumb'rous Wand,
To cloſe ſuch ARGUS Eyes as watch the Land;
No, may they ever, for BRITANNIA's Sake,
Keep clearly independently awake,

When to War's *ſtinty Couch*, from Beds of Down,
Our Heroes haſte for Honour's deathleſs Crown,
May Zeal unſhaken brace each martial Heart,
Well to perform the executive Part;
Still may a HAWKE be found to ſweep the Main,
A GRANBY to adorn th' embattled Plain.

FINIS.